PROPOSALS

Humbly Offered

To the High and Mighty PRINCE William, Henrick, of Orange and Nassau.

By *T. OATES*, D.D.

THE Joy which your Presence has Universally Inspir'd into the Hearts of the People of *England*, has even, in my Dark Abode, reach'd me also; your Influence in a manner working the same Effects on me, as the Angel's did on St. *Peter* in his Restraint; for, no sooner was the Report of your Landing confirmed, but I, with the Rest, though in a greater Measure, rejoyc'd at the Apprehension of my long dispair'd-of Liberty; and now I no longer doubt once again to Breathe the open Air: Since therefore, Great *Sir*, I seem so peculiarly to share the Profits of your Coming, 'tis my Duty to make what Returns I am able, beside the bare Tribute of unprofitable Thanks: I shall therefore, in order thereunto, endeavour to take off the Edge of those perverse Tongues, that asperse the most Glorious Action in the World, and mis-represent your Highness with all the dis-ingenuity imaginable.

Time, and the Power of those whose Interest it was to Suppress it, had so worn out the Truth, and, as seem'd, the Remembrance of the last *Popish Conspiracy*, that it appear'd much more dangerous to own it, than difficult to prove it; though the Model and Methods by which it was to be brought about, seem'd so essentially necessary to their future Designs, that they could not forbear to Act those very things which they would Impudently to the World disown, as Ridiculous and fabulous; and indeed, nothing but a Jesuitical Confidence, could brazen out, and deny the Intention of Matters they, at the very same time, Practis'd.

Now, as your Royal Highness, I believe, is sufficiently satisfi'd of the danger the Kingdom both *then*, and *now* was in, from the Encroachment and Growth of *Popery* and Slavery: So who ever shall take the pains to read my Narrative of the Plot, will, I am sure, be convinc'd of the Truth and the Manner of it: There are the Names of the Persons, that ought to be remov'd, and promoted to their several Titles, Stations and Employments; the rewards and punishments of their Friends, and their Enemies; and, in brief, an Account of their whole mannagement and design: All which, or most of them, have been so punctually observ'd since, that it seems altogether as strange, that they should not alter, or new Methodise those designs that were so publickly divulg'd, as that they should so confidently deny what every Man has seen them Act; and from these consequences, it will manifestly appear, that all that has been done, for these Seven Years past, by the *Romish* Party, to reduce or destroy the interest of the Church of *England*, has been but the bare Result of the most Serious and long-premeditated Councels of the Conclave. Now, as the Body Politick of *England* could not choose but be very sensible of a Distemper, under which she saw her self already begin to Languish; so it could not be expected, but to add to our grief, when we had all the probable reason in the World to despair of any remedy: The Commonalty look't even with disdain on the Nobles, that they did not strive, or divide a Currant, whose growth, if not speedily prevented, would without doubt overturn them with the rest: The nobles look't with generous pitty on the Commonalty; but having their Hands as it were bound up, could hardly make the least advance to their relief; till at last, *God Almighty*'s immediate Providence, inspir'd them to think on your Highness, as the only proper and possible means, to save an almost-ruin'd Church and Kingdom. Nor did they sooner make known their grief and pain to your Highness, than you like a skilful and charitable Physitian, appli'd an effectual Remedy, reserving all the trouble of the Cure to your Self, and dispensing all the Profit to us; so that, it may seem a piece of Sacriledge, to Rob your Highness of the Title of our *Saviour*, since you have manifestly contributed to the Health both of our Souls and Bodies: What succeeding Ages may say of this, we cannot determine; but, I am sure, the Present cannot Parallel the Glory; and we can, with much more reality, boast of what the *Romanists* often falsely flatter themselves with; *viz.* Our Deliverance by a Person, that has approv'd himself both *Saint* and *Hero*. May your Highness ever be the Guardian Angel of these Kingdoms, is the Prayer of

T. Oates.